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JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH
—EDITOR.—

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JULY 1, 1907.

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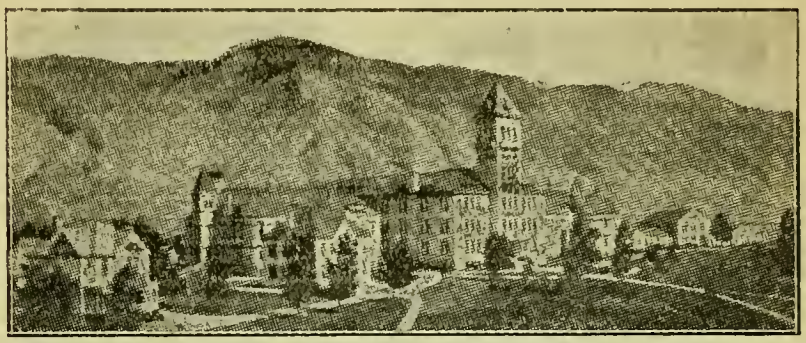

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HOLY FAMILY. TITIAN

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR
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THE MAYOR'S FOURTH OF JULY.

"THERE!" exclaimed the Mayor with great satisfaction as he signed his name with a flourish. "There will be no crazy racket in this town on the Fourth of July; and decent folks can enjoy an extra nap instead of being startled out of their beds by an unearthly din at 3 o'clock in the morning. Those rowdy boys will have to go without their firecrackers and torpedoes this year, but it's for their own good. And I'm sure the parents will be grateful to me for ridding them of this annoyance—no noise, no burnt clothes, and no accidents of any kind. Ha! Ha! they'll be surprised. It will be a point in my favor next fall, too. They can readily see that I have the best interests of the city at heart," and he expanded his chest and threw back his head in a pompous way as he folded the document he had signed, and placed it in a long envelope. "And I'll see that Chief Summerhays has men enough out to enforce this ordinance," so placing the envelope in his pocket and taking his hat he walked out into the street.

This man—Mayor Clenning—was the "Dictator of the Law" in Lakeside, Minnesota. He was about forty-five, a small man only five feet four, but what he lacked in height he made up in breadth. His hair was black, slightly sprinkled with gray and very thin, being insufficient to cover his entire head, so there was left a shiny bald place, just on his crown, and in front, by parting it low on the side and brushing it over, he was just able to cover the top. His little eyes were almost hidden under ponderous black eyebrows, which together with a heavy dark mustache gave him a very imposing appearance.

Little children were afraid of him;the boys mimicked him behind his back but were very respectful in his presence; the grown folks treated him much as something mechanical—he had a pretty fair appearanee, he was very anxious to please them, and until something better turned up, he would do. And he, with his officious, bustling ways, thought himself a very important personage.

The edict had gone forth, and among the boy element of the town consternation reigned supreme. For many long weeks they had been anticipating the pleasure they would have on the Fourth. Dick Crawford and Jo Bradly had organized two companies of soldiers and they intended to have a sham battle. How they had drilled with old broom handles and wooden swords, and Dick had even borrowed his uncle's old blunderbuss, which was coveted by every boy in town. The meanness of it! They had never done any harm other years. Of course some of the little boys were always slightly burnt, but they were

willing to get burnt if they could only have the fun. Dick and Jo, together with some of the larger boys, finally called a council of war behind old man Lindsay's barn.

"Let's have our battle anyhow," grumbled Fatty Ross. "That old dunderheaded pirate hasn't any right to stop us," and he flung a rock viciously at a knothole in the side of the barn.

"Come out of that, Fatty," said Dick. "We can't go against all of those new cops he's got for this special occasion. Every fellow who lights a cracker will be put in the lock-up. Jiminy! why not let him arrest us all. He'd have a dickens of a time taking care of so many." But the prospect of being locked up in the old haunted city jail, and probably staying over night, held too many terrible possibilities, so it was abandoned.

It was only two days before the Fourth and something had to be done. After many whisperings and discussions of various plans, a course of action was decided upon, Dick appointed Commander-in-Chief, and as they dispersed, each going his way, there was a delighted grin on every face, although they endeavored to look nonchalant.

The morning of the third dawned clear and bright, and just as the sun was beginning to show himself over the eastern hills, a large number of boys began to congregate behind the old barn. There were big boys, nearly as tall as Dick; there were medium sized boys; and little boys, rubbing their eyes and stumbling sleepily along. Finally every boy in the community over eight years old was there, and with a warning gesture from Dick, the little army of boys made its way stealthily out of the town up towards the canyon.

When the main population of Lakeside arose and went about its daily routine, there was such a vast silence and the air seemed so charged with mystery that even the horses in the fields every little while lifted their heads and sniffed the air inquiringly. The busy men hurrying to their offices stopped contriving for a moment and gazed bewilderingly around to wonder why everything seemed so strange. But they were soon engrossed again with the problems of the day, and did not notice the absence of their sons and heirs.

The mothers, busy with preparations for the coming holiday, searched in vain for their sons to bring coal, to go to the store, or to run errands. Every once in a while some mother stopped her work a moment and, stepping to the back door, called her son loudly, but her efforts were always fruitless.

Old man Lindsay had been a boy once, and that morning as he sat in the cool shade of his ivy-covered porch, shook his head gravely when he noted the absence of his young friends.

"The laddies will be doing things I'm afraid. The mayor is a very unwise man, very unwise," and he again shook his head.

In the house of May Bradley a dozen girls, ranging from sixteen to eighteen years of age, were busy sewing all day long. The room in which they worked was locked, and they only stopped long enough to eat a dainty luncheon served by a little white-capped maid, in the middle of the day. Just after dark, May and her bosom friend, Lois Crandall, each with a large bundle, slipped out of the back gate and made their way towards the outkirts of the town. They were met in a very lonely spot by Dick and Jo, who, with profuse thanks, relieved them of their burdens, and they were soon hurrying back home.

The Mayor, attending his various duties, congratulated himself over and over as he noted the unusual quietness of the town. That evening as he took dinner at the club with a political friend, his spirits were very high.

"Say, Hardy," he said with a wise nod, "This little idea of mine will make me

more popular than ever. It was a lucky day when I thought of it. Why it has even made things quieter today. There's nothing which pleases people like a quiet, peaceful town." This was the first thing he had done without taking anyone's advice and he was very proud of himself.

His companion, a small, wiry little fellow with little, greenish-gray eyes which he was in the habit of blinking rapidily while talking, looked rather doubtfully at the Mayor as he finished speaking. "I don't know. It seems a rather uncalled-for action to take. If nothing comes of it I shall consider you're getting off easy. Some of the grown people like fireworks as well as the kids. Old man Lindsay has ordered a big lot of new-fangled fancy things, and he is not the only one who will lose by it," and he replaced his cigar in his mouth.

"Oh! I know what I'm doing," blustered the big mayor, and the subject was dropped.

It was very late when the Mayor left the club and started homeward. He was feeling so elated that he decided to walk home, a very unusual thing for him to do.

The moon had set and on leaving the business district it became so dark and lonely he wished he had taken a cab. As he passed a large park, in which the trees, looking like huge giants, gave him a creepy feeling as they creaked and rustled in the breeze, four large white forms rushed out of the darkness and surrounded him. A bandage was placed over his eyes, two of the strange figures took his arms, one brought up the rear, and the other in a deep sepulchral tone commanded him to "step lively as there was much to be done ere morning."

Over humps and through hollows they led him, past all the silent houses, until feeling a cool breeze on his face he knew he was in the canyon. Strange moanings and rustlings were heard, he was rushed along so fast that his breath came in quick gasps and he felt as though he would die of fatigue. Gruff whisperings were going on about him, now and then a cold hand would touch his cheek and make him moan in terror. What had happened to him? Was it possible he had taken too much at the club or was he dreaming?

At length, when he felt as though he could not go another rod, his companions began to go very slowly and then stopped. He was placed in a sort of hammock and was lowered slowly down, down, down, until the air felt damp and cold, but he dared not move for fear of falling he knew not where. Suddenly he was seized by numerous hands, the hammock was taken, and after a moment's stillness the bandage was removed from his eyes, and at the sight which confronted him, he shrank back in terror.

He was in an immense pit lined with cement and out of the deep blackness hundreds of fiery eyes gleamed forth, fierce bowlings and shriekings were heard on every side, his guides had deserted him, he was alone; but the voice of the leader called to him to move on. When he did not obey at once a loud yell into his ear and a vigorous push sent him almost off his feet. As he stumbled along in fright the wailings and rustlings increased; just in front of him a rocket shot up into the air with a wild screech; over on the other side several fountains of fire were pouring out sparks; loud reports were thundering on every side; his head fairly buzzed with the din, and he was almost insane with terror.

After he had wandered about for what seemed to him an interminable length of time, one of his former guides appeared before him, and taking his arm almost dragged him to the other end of the pit. They stopped before a platform profusely decorated with flags and bunting, and the Mayor gasped at the strange sight which met his view as a score of Roman candles,

carried by small grotesque looking figures, burst forth in myriads of tiny sparks and stars. Sitting on a throne, all decorated with flags and bunting, was the immense form of the leader, and seated around him were a number of other large hideous forms. They were about six and one-half feet tall and very stout. Their faces were dark-brown and when they were turned from the light, their eyes gleamed like living coals They were dressed in long, white robes with hoods, on which were two large red horns, coming up over their heads.

He had barely time to get a slight view of the scene when the Roman candles went out and were replaced by a few small candles which gave a very poor light.

"And thou hast deemed thyself fit to punish the youths of Lakeside?" came the deadful voice of the leader. "And hast ordained that on that great day of all the year, which is for the boys, they shall sit with folded hands instead of enjoying it in the usual manner? Dost think such wrongs shall go unrighted? No; not while we, the spirits of the departed Klu Klux Klan, who are always on earth ready to avenge the wronged, know of such things. Here in our council thou hast been found guilty. If thou makest void thy ordinance of yesterday thou wilt be restored to thy home, if not, dire penalty will befall thee," upon which a tremendous groaning and shrieking was heard.

"Oh anything! anything! only get me away from this!" he begged, covering his ears to shut out the fearful sounds.

"Write an order to the chief of police and sign it." commanded the leader, and a piece of paper and a pencil were handed to the Mayor. In a very shaky hand, for the experiences of the night had been too much for his weak nerves, he wrote the desired order.

The leader, after carefully reading it, and nodding his head in satisfaction, whistled and two figures appeared, took the arms of the Mayor, and led him away.

He was again placed in the hammock and lifted up out of the pit, but now everything was still. He was then conducted to a wagon, at sight of which his heart gave a leap. He would not have to walk home! He was helped to the seat, on which already sat another of the grotesque figures, and was rapidly driven to his home.

As soon as the Mayor was in the wagon the two who had conducted him to it, hurried back to the old reservoir, for such it was. They hurriedly scrambled down the small iron ladder on the side of the reservoir, and lighting candles ran down to the other end where the platform was.

Their coming was a signal for a general uproar. A large bonfire was built in the middle of the tank and a large crowd of boys gathered around it whooping and yelling.

Those who had on disguise took it off, together with the stilts and pillows, with which they had so changed their appearance.

The leader, no other than Dick, said to the special crowd gathered around him as he removed his disguise, "By jove fellows, we've had the time of our lives besides the promise of our sham battle tomorrow. Didn't hardly think, though, that the old duffer could be so easily taken in," and he laughed at the remembrance of the Mayor's terror.

"Hurry up and get all the things ready to go," he called to the other boys. The little chaps have had a pretty hard time and are tired, and the paint and phosphorous on their faces feel like the Old Harry!"

The bonfire served as a pretty good light, and after hoisting their bundles out of the pit, and helping the little boys to climb up the ladder, Dick and Jo finally climbed up themselves, tired but much pleased with the night's work.

On reaching the road, they found a number of their friends, with wagons, waiting

for them, and piling in the best they could, they started for home, and if some of the little boys went to sleep on the way they were not cuffed for it, as they had done very bravely for such little chaps.

The next morning the sun was surprised as he appeared over the hills, to hear no booming or banging going on. But sleeping peacefully in their respective homes, a large number of boys was enjoying a much needed rest, and dreaming of a certain sham-battle.

That evening, after the battle was ended and old man Lindsay had declared it a tie, the boys all went over to his yard to wait till it was dark enough to set off the big fancy fire-works he had.

As they sat or lounged under the trees and on the porch they told him all about it, as he had promised not to tell a soul.

"Yes, and the funny part of it is," exclaimed Jo with a chuckle, "that the Mayor left by an early train this morning to spend his vacation in his old home out east."

And old man Lindsay said to himself, "I could have told him so."

Stella Angell.

SANTA CLAUS AMONG THE CHILDREN OF TURKEY.

THE readers of the JUVENILE will no doubt wonder why we are writing of Santa Claus in the month of May, but if any of you have ever been in Turkey or learned much about this country you will not wonder so much if things are a little behind time, and you get the news of cold old Santa Claus, "Gaghandoss Baba,' while you are almost sweltering in the heat of summer.

Let me mention a few items that are not up to date in this country:

There are cities here as large as Provo, or perhaps Ogden, in the streets of which even a wagon has not yet been seen, and other cities larger than Salt Lake, where the inhabitants have never seen, nor heard the noise of a railway train.

Aleppo, a city as big as Denver, has within the past year been favored with a train service for the first time. Many cities here larger than Carson or Boise or Phœnix have a horseback mail-service of only once or twice a week. In nine cases out of ten one living thirty miles away could not attend the funeral of a near relative even though a telegram were sent to notify one of the death. Two reasons can be given for this, first, as like as not the telegram would not reach its destination inside of from twelve to thirty-six hours, and if it did reach him in fifteen minutes, and in another fifteen the person should set off on his seven or eight hours ride, the corpse, contrary to the ordinary "live slowness" of the people would be in the grave and all would be over before he could reach the place.

Easter Sunday, which according to our custom comes on the first Sunday after the first full moon, after the twenty-first of March, is this year, for some cause, thrown to the late date of May fifth in this land, so that day will be celebrated by the Armenians who call the day "Buyuk Zadik"—Great Holiday—in honor of the resurrection of the Savior.

Christmas, which comes on January 19th is designated "Kuchuk Zadik"—Little Holiday—as they say the resurrection of Christ was a greater event than His birth.

On "Kuchuk Zadik" last, many of the children saw for the first time a Christmas tree and Santa Claus, and a few months after, arrangements were made to have him "come again" long enough to get a

SANTA CLAUS AT THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' SCHOOL AT AINTAB, TURKEY.

photograph of him with the rearranged tree, under which sat the little children who attend the L. D. S. day-school in Aintab.

The Christmas tree is an olive tree and in it you see hanging the work of some of the little boys and girls,—paper flowers, straw baskets, wire baskets, lace bags, chains and picture mountings; and all the white work on the table is done in soft rock. The model monument of Joseph Smith was made in six pieces by six boys from eight to twelve years old. Balls, eggs, books, cases in which balls are left to play freely, and chains are all cut with knives out of this rock, about half as hard as our common brick in Utah. The photograph hanging in the tree is that of two little boys from American Fork, Utah, who if they knew Santa Claus, would claim him as their uncle. Elder Vance, who stands by the window, often teaches the children music, and they love to sing our Sunday School songs in English. Hovhannes Hasekian, an Armenian, the teacher in our school, is there too, with a fez on his head. He is very enthusiastic in his work. Elders Newman and Woodbury were in Aleppo when this picture was taken but are now in Aintab with the Saints, and will no doubt call on all of them and see the little children next Sunday as it is the Great Holiday and many visits are made on that day.

Elders Thorup and Clayton who are in Athens, Greece, with those mentioned in the picture make up our list of missionaries to Turkey.

The two larger boys in the group of school children are very bright. One of them can draw maps so nearly perfect that you would almost think them printed.

They are working in square and cube root, and read and write and talk in three languages. You would smile to enter our school and see the children at their work. All sit on the floor and are either barefooted or in their stocking feet, as they

must leave their shoes at the door. To us the most curious feature of their work is their spelling recitation.

They spell one syllable, then pronounce it, then spell another and pronounce it, and return to the first for repronunciation. Have you ever heard the old style of spelling Constantinople? C-o-n con, s-t-a-n stan, Constan, t-i ti, Constanti, n-o no, Constantino, p-l-e ple, Constantinople. That is the way they spell it here, but with local letters. Sometimes they have some very long words in the Turkish language, and not very easy to pronounce and still less easy to understand. Here is one: sevishdirememekleyimizden, and this is the way the little children are required to spell such a word: s-e-v sev, i-s-h ish, sevish, d-i-r dir, sevishdir, e- e, sevishdire, m-e me, sevishdireme, m-e-k mek, sevishdirememek, l-le-y ley, sevishdirememekley, i-m im, sevishdirememekleyim, i-z iz, sevishdirememekleyimiz, d-e-n den, sevishdirememekleyimizden. So you see that eighty-nine syllables with the letters are used to spell this word "Ala Turka." With Armenian letters it sounds much more curious.

Even if this is only one word it has a long meaning, and in English we would express it thus: "From our not being able to cause to love one another."

Our Sunday Schools are in fairly good condition and the Saints are rejoicing in the light of the Gospel.

We all send greetings to the readers of the JUVENILE. *Mary R. Booth.*

ALEPPO, May 3, 1907.

THE STORKS.

A STORK had built his nest on the roof of the last house in a little town. The mother-stork was sitting on the nest with her little ones who stuck out their little black beaks, which had not turned red yet. The father-stork stood a little way off on the ridge of the roof, erect and stiff, with one leg drawn up under him, so as at least to be at some trouble while standing sentry. One might have thought he was carved out of wood, he stood so still.

"It will look so grand for my wife to have a sentry on guard by the nest," he thought. "People won't know that I am her husband; I dare say they think I have orders to stand there—it looks smart;" and so he remained standing on one leg.

A party of children were playing in the street, and when they saw the stork, one of the boldest boys, followed by the others, sang the old song about the storks, but he sang it just as it came into his head,

Oh! father stork, father stork, fly to your nest,
Three featherless fledgelings await your return,
The first of your chicks shall be stuck through the breast,
The second shall hang and the third shall burn.

"Hark! what are the boys singing?" said the little storks; "they say we are to be hanged and burnt."

"Don't bother your heads about them," said the mother-stork, "don't listen to them and then it won't do you any harm."

But the boys went on singing and pointing their fingers at the storks, only one boy whose name was Peter, said it was a shame to make fun of the creatures and he would take no part in it.

The mother-bird comforted her little ones, saying, "Do not trouble yourselves about it; look at your father how quietly he stands, and on one leg, too."

"We are so frightened," said the young ones, burying their heads in the nest.

The next day, when the children came back to play and they saw the storks, they began their old song,

The first of your chicks shall be stuck through the breast,
The second shall hang and the third shall burn.

"Are we to be hanged and burnt?" asked the little storks.

"No, certainly not," said the mother; "you are to learn to fly, see if I don't drill you, then we will go into the fields and visit the frogs; they courtsey in the water to us and sing 'Koax, koax,' and then we gobble them up; that's a treat if you like!"

"And what next?" asked the young ones.

"Oh, then all the storks in the country assemble for the autumn manoeuvres, and you will have to fly your best, for the one who cannot fly will be run through the body by the general's beak, so you must take good care to learn something when the drills begin."

"After all then we may be staked just as the boys said, and listen, they are singing it again now."

"Listen to me and not to them," said the mother-stork. "After the grand manoeuvres we shall fly away to the warm countries, ever such a way off, over the woods and mountains. We go to Egypt where they have three-cornered houses the points of which reach above the clouds; they are called Pyramids, and they are older than any stork can imagine. Then there is a river which overflows its banks and all the land round turns to mud. You walk about in mud devouring frogs.

"Oh," said all the young ones.

"Yes, it is splendid, you do nothing but eat all day; while we are so well off there, there is not a leaf on the trees in this country, and it is so cold that the clouds freeze all to pieces and fall down in little bits."

She meant snow, but did not know how to describe it any better.

"Do the naughty boys freeze to pieces?" asked the young storks.

"No, they don't freeze to pieces, but they come very near to it and have to si moping in dark rooms; you, on the other hand, fly about in strange countries, in the warm sunshine among flowers."

Some time passed and the little ones were big enough to stand up in the nest and look about them. The father-stork flew backwards and forwards every day, with nice frogs and little snakes, and every kind of delicacy he could find. It was so funny to see the tricks he did to amuse them; he would turn his head right round on to his tail, and he would clatter with his beak, as if it was a rattle. And then he told them all the stories he heard in the swamps.

"Well, now you must learn to fly," said the mother-stork one day; and all the young ones had to stand on the ridge of the roof. Oh, how they wobbled about trying to keep their balance with their wings, and how nearly they fell down.

"Now, look at me," said the mother; "this is how you must hold your heads; and move your legs so; one, two, one, two; this will all help you to get on in the world."

Then she flew a little way, and the young ones made a clumsy little hop, and down they came with a bump, for their bodies were too heavy.

"I don't want to fly," said one of the young ones, creeping down into the nest again. "I don't care about going to the warm countries."

"Do you want to freeze to death here when the winter comes? Shall the boys come and hang or burn or stake you? I will soon call them!"

"No, no," said the young one, hopping up on to the roof again, just like the others.

By the third day, they could all fly fairly well; then they thought they could hover in the air, too, and they tried it, but, flop!—they soon found they had to move their wings again.

THE FATHER-STORK STOOD WITH ONE LEG DRAWN UP UNDER HIM.

Then the boys began their song again:

Oh, father-stork, father-stork, fly to your nest.

"Shall we fly down and pick their eyes out?" asked the young ones.

"No, leave them alone," said their mother; "only pay attention to me, that is much more important. One, two, three, now we fly to the right; one, two, three, now to the left, and round the chimney! That was good. That last stroke of the wings was so pretty and the flap so well done that I will allow you to go to the

swamps with me tomorrow. Several nice storks go there with their children; now just let me see that mine are the nicest. Don't forget to carry your heads high: it looks well, and gives you an air of importance."

"But are we not to have our revenge on the naughty boys?" asked the young storks.

"Let them scream as much as they like; you will fly away with the clouds to the land of the pyramids, while they will perhaps be freezing. There won't be a green leaf or a sweet apple here then."

"But we will have our revenge," they whispered to each other, and then they began their drilling again.

Of all the boys in the street, not one was worse at making fun of the storks than he who first began the derisive song. He was a tiny little fellow, not more than six years old. It is true, the young storks thought he was at least a hundred, for be was so much bigger than their father and mother, and they had no idea how old children and grown-up people could be. They reserved all their vengeance for the boy who first began to tease them, and who never would leave off. The young storks were frightfully irritated by the teasing, and the older they grew the less they would stand it. At last their mother was obliged to promise that they should have their revenge, but not till the last day before they left.

"We shall first have to see how you behave at the manoeuvres. If you come to grief and the general has to run you through the breast with his beak, the boys will after all be right, at least in one way. Now let us see."

"That you shall," said the young ones; and didn't they take pains. They practiced every day till they could fly as lightly as any feather; it was quite a pleasure to watch them.

Then came the autumn; all the storks began to assemble before they started on their flight to the warm countries where they spend winters. Those were indeed manoeuvres; they had to fly over woods and towns, to try their wings, because they had such a long journey before them. The young storks did everything so well that they got no end of frogs and snakes as prizes. They had the best characters and then they could eat the frogs and snakes afterwards, which you may be sure they did.

"Now we shall have our revenge," they said.

"Yes, certainly," said the mother-stork. "My plan is this, and I think it is the right one. I know the pond where all the little human babies lie, till the storks fetch them and give them to their parents. The pretty little creatures lie there asleep, dreaming sweet dreams, sweeter than any they ever dream afterwards. Every parent wishes for such a little baby; and every child wants a baby brother or sister. Now we fly to the pond and fetch a little brother or sister for each of those children who did not join in singing that horrid song, or in making fun of the storks. But those who sang it shall not have one."

"But you have surely not forgotten the good boy who said 'It is a shame to make fun of the creatures.' We will take both a brother and a sister to him, and because his name is Peter, you shall all be called Peter, too."

It happened just as she said, and all the storks are called Peter to this day.

Hans Christian Anderson.

LETTERS TO MY BOY.

XXVII.

My Dear Son:—

There are some things which we may fairly call working principles of life, and in this and succeeding letters I wish to explain some of these principles to your understanding. In order to make the subject matter clear at the outset, I shall

quote from the words of Jesus. Just after He had been betrayed by Judas and was taken prisoner, Peter drew his sword and cut off the ear of a servant of the high priest. Peter was ready to fight. He possessed that boldness for which his people enjoyed a great reputation. He was a Galilean. It is the words of Jesus to which I call your attention when He commanded Peter to put his sword in its place. He said: "All they that take the sword shall perish with the sword."

There are many people in this world who have what might properly be called a fighting disposition. Whatever stands in opposition to them, whatever troubles or hinders them, they fight, as though fighting were the only means of gaining a victory. I would like, if I can, to make you understand, that the greatest victories of life are not won in battle. I know how the victories of battle appeal to a young man whose physical powers are developing and who senses the growth of energy within him. "He is a fighter," the young man says, in a spirit of admiration, as he speaks of one who has been victorious in some struggle.

It is all right to resist the unjust encroachment made upon you by others, to defend yourself against violence and against all wrong. That right is inherent in every one, and may be properly exercised. The trouble is, that men convert their power of resistance and their right of defense into ambition for conquest. What some people want is not so much to stand erect against an enemy as to put the enemy down, to destroy the enemy, to annihilate, to be victorious—a champion. Conquest influences one's ambition and makes him the victim of a vainglorious pride. The sense of justice in men, however, leads them no farther than the maintenance of their own rights.

I cannot think, therefore, of anything more unfortunate in anybody's make-up than an ambition to be a fighter. You may have noticed that the fighter enjoys great popularity with certain classes; but if you will follow him along the chosen road of life, you will sooner or later find him defeated and lying prostrate and helpless at the feet of his conqueror; for God has not given to man the right of a supreme judge—the right to stand over and above all. The prize fighter wins today and succumbs tomorrow. You may make it a working, guiding principle of your life, that he who fights must be defeated, and the misery of such a defeat is that it comes at a time in a man's life when he ought to be most successful, and when the sorrow of defeat weighs most heavily upon him. The most satisfactory victories that can come to you in life are those which time and justice decree.

I have in mind a man who lived in Italy for many years, a man of brilliant parts, a man who in the forum was one of the champion fighters of the state. He came to a most ignominious end, and when he died, the moral of his life was convincing to every man who knew him.

To be simply a good fighter is one of the meanest ambitions that I can think of, for it manifests a pleasure in the misfortune of others. In the end, the man who takes up the sword will fall with it. We have a right to our place in life; we have a right to stand erect before our fellow-men, but we have no right to take from them that place or that right which is sacred to every man and woman in the world. The trouble is with the fighter that he gets out of his place—out of his God-ordained sphere. Then he is more or less the creature of confusion and violence. In the words of Bacon, "He that studieth revenge, keepeth his own wounds green."

By fighting I do not mean simply physical contests. I mean that quality in man by which he seeks to down his fellow-man—to be victorious over him. Men who

seek to down others by creating opinions and sentiments adverse to them, as a rule, have no code of honor. They are hardly on a level with the prize fighter, against whose blows there are parts of the body which the ethics of the ring protect. Those who by their fighting instincts aim to destroy the reputation of their fellow-men have no code of honor whatever. With them the end justifies the means.

Whenever in life you push things beyond their proper place and disturb what is called their equilibrium, there is always a reaction. They return by their own inherent force to the spot where they belong. The return is called reaction; and if you stand in the way of a returning force, you must expect in turn to be thrown from your sphere. Try, then, to remain where you belong in life, and treat sacredly the right of others to occupy, without disturbance, the postion which they hold in the world.

As a closing warning against the principle of fighting, I would like to call your attention to the character of the men who support and enjoy the prize fight. The associations of the "ring" form the strongest argument against it. In conclusion, let me say that he who has an ambition for a victory mentally or physically over his fellow-men should prepare in advance for the humiliation of the defeat which must, sooner or later, come to him who seeks a conquest over others.

BESSIE WARRINGTON.

A FIFTEEN minutes' walk brought her to the door of room 20, upon which she timidly rapped, and which a moment later was opened with an invitation to "walk right in and take a seat." It was while Jem was in the act of partaking of a glass of water just to steady his nerves—for much as he had resolved to maintain a stoical attitude, the dear fellow was greatly upset—that he heard his name feebly uttered by his visitor, and turning found her apparently on the verge of swooning.

It was but a moment's work to hand her some water, which she eagerly drank, after which she revived considerably.

She sat like one in a dream, mystified and speechless. Not a tear moistened her eyes, nor did a blush of shame mantle her cheeks; and it was not until Jem in an entertaining way began to explain the object of his visit to Chesterfield that she showed any interest whatever in the man, the memory of whom had haunted her day and night for some years past. Eventually Jem touched upon his sorrow of heart at the sad course of events that had occurred to her and her parents; and much as her distressed condition of mind had caused her to forget herself, he couldn't see any reason why she should not start in and retrieve the good name she once bore.

"Mr. Ainsworth," she said, eventually finding her tongue, and speaking in a dispiriting strain: "my day of grace is past; I don't see anything worth living for."

With the utterance she dropped her face from the earnest gaze of her benefactor, whom, to judge by his gentlemanly bearing and the superior air of intelligence about him, was, according to Bessie's idea, far above one of her class.

In the tenderest way possible he chided her for her lack of courage, advising her at the same time to cultivate more the spirit of humility before those who wished her well. His gracious words had a most telling effect upon her mind, and she at once began to exhibit a more hopeful look in her countenance.

"I'd like to reform, but really, Mr. Ainsworth, I don't know how or where to begin," she said, while a faint smile somewhat enlivened her features.

"Right here, if you will," replied he:

"and I promise that a brighter day awaits you,"

A moment or so and her tears fell thick and fast, and it was while she was vainly endeavoring to staunch them that Jem advanced towards her and seated himself by her side.

"Bessie," said he in an encouraging tone and after her tears had somewhat assuaged, "I have ever loved you, and still love you; will you be my wife?"

"This is all like a dream to me," she said; "and a happy dream it is."

Jem could not refrain from implanting a kiss upon the tear-stained face; for the occasion was as much a season of joy to him as to her.

At this moment a rap upon the door announced the arrival of Gersh Rowe, who a few hours before had promised to call again and learn the results of Jem's errand of mercy.

Twelve years older than they, Gersh could remember Bessie and Jem when they were wee tots, so to speak; knew of their love for each other in later years, and the cause of its annulment.

Upon his entrance into the room, Gersh could not but at once notice the changed look from indifference to one of interest and happiness that was so visible in Bessie's countenance; and words were not needed to convince him that an understanding had been reached between the two, and that more than probably their love-match, so tragically broken off some years before,was about to be renewed.

"Glad you have called, as I want to ask you, Gersh, if you can accommodate my sweetheart with lodgings at your place for a short time?" said Jem, his eyes lighting up with a merry twinkle.

"If you can arrange matters with my wife, I guess Bessie will be all right with with us," replied Gersh.

Barely another hour had passed, when a hack drew up in front of Gersh's home, and despite the gaze of the curious, Jem nobly conducted the girl from the vehicle into the house.

Gersh's wife—a sturdy type of the average English housewife—soon made Bessie feel at home; and when informed that the girl was now set against strong drink, the good woman, for Bessie's sake, swore off from her own "one cup of beer," which she was in the habit of having for supper.

It was about two weeks after her instalment in the Rowe residence that Bessie's appetite for intoxicants manifested itself very oppressively, and on talking on the subject, and of the girl's desperate struggle to subdue it, Gersh piously reminded Jem that "the fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

"While my most fervent prayer shall be in Bessie's behalf," answered Jem, "I consider that in a case like this, heroic measures are needed to destroy her appetite for drink."

Realizing that of herself Bessie would likely enough fail in her resolution to keep off intoxicants, Jem procured the services of a physician to assist the girl to overcome her almost irresistible craving; but despite the doctor's treatment, it was not long before Bessie became a raving maniac.

At times she would be sullen, then again would tear around in a dangerous way, curse the doctor; and on one occasion she struggled and fought with Jem, telling him to "get back to America, or she would kill him." After the girl had almost worn herself out the doctor commenced to administer soothing remedies, which had the effect of producing sound sleep and rest, for the weary and enfeebled patient; and it was at this time that she became so weak that Jem became alarmed at her condition.

"Have no fear," said the doctor, "she'll be all right in a few days. Desperate ailments sometimes need desperate remedies," he added. *Mary Ann Draycott.*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS

SALT LAKE CITY, - - JULY 1, 1907

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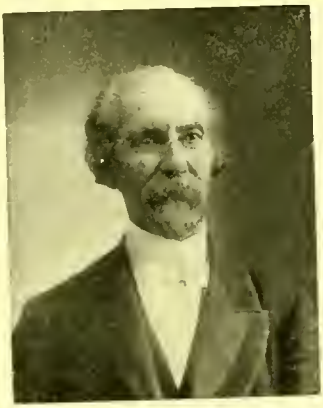
THE LATE ELDER GEORGE TEASDALE.

WE confess to a feeling of disappointment and regret experienced while reading the strangely incomplete and bewilderingly vague obituary biographies that appeared in most of our newspapers in connection with the publication of the death of our beloved brother, Elder George Teasdale, of the quorum of Twelve Apostles, and a member of the General Board of the Deseret Sunday School Union; in fact, we felt impressed that the writer or writers of these notices were to a very great extent strangers to the lifelong labors of love of Brother Teasdale, and that what they knew of him was largely second hand.

George Teasdale was born in London, England, on the 8th of December, 1831. He first heard the glorious tidings of the gospel in 1851, and was baptized by Elder Robert Till, August 8th, 1852. He was soon after ordained a priest and later an elder (by Elder John Tuddenham, April, 1854.) His zeal in proclaiming the Truth caused him to be chosen as president of the Somers Town Branch, then one of the most vigorous and largest branches of the London Conferences; to which, in fact, belonged an unusually large proportion of brethren who have since become prominent in Church history. In addition to his branch presidency, Elder Teasdale also filled several important conference offices, the duties of which occupied much of his time and attention. In the spring of 1857 he was called into the active ministry and appointed president of the Cambridge, England, Conference. The next year, 1858, he was called to preside in the South District or Pastorate, which included the Land's End, South, and Wiltshire Conferences; in 1859 he was given charge of the Church in Scotland, which was at that time divided into the Glasgow, Dundee, and Edinburgh conferences. In 1861 he was released from the traveling ministry to emigrate to Zion. He crossed the Atlantic on the ship "Underwriter;" journeyed across the plains in Captain Sextus E. Johnson's company, and reached the Salt Lake valley, September 27th. 1861. For the first six months after his arrival, he taught school in the Twentieth Ward of Salt Lake City. The next year, (1862), he took charge of President Brigham Young's merchandise store, then situated immediately north of the Beehive House; in 1867 he was given the management of the General Tithing Store, and the next year was called on a mission to Great Britain, where he arrived September 9th, 1868, being appointed to labor in the editorial department of the *Millennial Star* office. The following year he assisted Elder Wil-

liam C. Staines with the business of the Church emigration at New York, and returned home in the fall of 1869. At home, his time was occupied in the service of Z. C. M. I.; and in 1875 he was again called on a mission—this time to the Southern States, where he labored until the fall of 1876, principally in the States of Tennessee, Virginia, and North Carolina.

In the summer of 1877 Elder Teasdale was appointed President of the Juab Stake of Zion. He was a member of the Utah Territorial legislature at two of its sessions, 1880 and 1882; and was called to the apostleship by divine revelation in October of the latter year, being ordained to that call-



APOSTLE GEORGE TEASDALE.

ing by President John Taylor, October 13th, 1882. In 1883 he went on a mission to the Indian Territory, and did much in laying the foundations of what is now the flourishing Central States Mission. In 1885 he paid an extended visit among the southern settlements of the saints, traveling as far as Mexico, which for a number of years after became his permanent home, and he greatly assisted in the development of the Juarez Stake and other colonies of the Saints in that land, as he was called to preside over the members of the Church in that republic. In 1886 he was again called to preach the gospel in Europe, arriving in Liverpool, November 30th, 1886, and succeeded to the presidency of that mission in February, 1887. In 1890 he was released from this responsibility to return home. Since then he has spent much of his time strengthening the Saints in Mexico, and when released from the duties of that important position, he again made his home at Nephi, and later in Salt Lake City. His time during these latter years has been almost wholly occupied in traveling among the stakes of Zion.

All his life Brother Teasdale has been an active supporter of the great Sunday School cause; he loved the Sunday School work; it was natural to him; it was in entire accord with his loving, sympathetic disposition. When presiding in the Juab Stake he also acted as its superintendent of Sunday Schools. He also was an active school officer and class teacher, and in December, 1896, was chosen a member of the General Board of the Union, which position he magnified with zealous, loving care, as far as his numerous other weighty and important callings would permit, and continued in all of them faithful to the last.

He died, after a short illness, at his home in Salt Lake City on the evening of Sunday, June 9th, 1907, and his funeral took place at the Assembly Hall on the afternoon of Wednesday, the 12th.

THE TRADITIONS OF HAWAII.

MANY of the ancient traditions of the people of Hawaii confirm the belief of the Latter-day Saints that that race is of the house of Israel—of the family of Lehi, and thus indirectly bear witness of the truth of the Book of Mormon, and consequently of the divinity of the great latter-day work, established, under God, by the Prophet Joseph Smith.

It is a general belief among the Saints that some of the ancient Nephites or Lamanites, probably both, were transported by ships from the western coast of the American mainland, across the Pacific Ocean, to the Sandwich Islands, on which group they established themselves, flour-

ished, and thence extended to other islands of the great South Seas. Whether this migration was by intent or by accident, cannot now be told, but the prevailing idea is that in all probability a part, possibly all, of the original colonists who were on board of the vessels built by Hagoth, which sailed B. C. 55, from the shipyards of Desolation, went northward along the Pacific Ocean and never returned. (See Book of Alma, Chap. 53). To support this conjecture is the presumption that until the days of Hagoth no vessels were built by the Nephites fitted for ocean voyages, and that their ships, if any, were only adapted to the coastwise trade and not large enough or strong enough for successful ocean voyages; in fact the Book of Mormon does not, in any way, mention ships as existing among the Nephites until Hagoth's days, and the importance there given to the fact of their construction by him, emphasizes the idea that they were something new and previously unknown among that people. Therefore the probabilities are that it was not earlier than this period (the middle of the first century before Christ) that Hawaii was settled by a branch of the house of Israel; and as their traditions appear to be entirely silent with regard to the Savior's visit to the American continent (so different from the traditions of the Peruvians, Mexicans and other races of both North and South America) the presumption is strong that this migration occurred before that glorious event took place. But though there is no tradition of the Lord's personal visit, the promise and prophecy of such a coming was rife among this people, and the landing of Captain Cook and his party was at first accepted by the islanders as the fulfillment, and he was received with open arms as the promised one.

The Book of Mormon represents that the Nephites had among them, many copies of the brass plates brought by their forefathers from Jerusalem (B. C. 600); which plates contained the sacred scriptures of the Hebrews from the creation to the days of Lehi, and it is a remarkable fact that the traditions of the Hawaiians that have a marked resemblance to Bible history are all confined to the period covered by these brass plates, and the incidents themselves are all mentioned or referred to in the Book of Mormon. And as the Book of Mormon did not then exist, being compiled more than four hundred years later, it is reasonable to conclude that the writer of the Book of Mormon, and the Hawaiian scribes obtained their knowledge of these events directly from the brass plates or indirectly through the medium of the plates of Nephi; on which the account of these incidents was likewise inscribed. At the very least, the ancient inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands gathered their information regarding the early history of the world and of the Israelitish race from a source that exactly covered the same period as did the brass plates. For instance we find among their ancient stories, myths, traditions and songs, narrations of how the world was created,* of the war in heaven and fall of Lucifer,† of the Garden of Eden, the disobedience of Adam and Eve,‡ the deluge (Kaiakahinalii) in the days of Noah (called by them *Nuu*),§ the stories of Abraham and Joseph (the son of Jacob), the exodus from Egypt under Moses and Aaron, the incident of the sun standing still, etc. Indeed one of these traditions makes the Polynesian family of mankind descend from one of the twelve sons of Abraham's grandson. It is, of course, not supposable that these legends will give these ancient worthies the identical names by which they are known to us, in the Anglicized rendition of the ancient Hebrew.

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*II Nephi, Chap. 2.

†II Nephi, Chap. 2.

‡II Nephi, Chap. 2; Alma, Chaps. 12, 42; I Nephi, Chap. 5: 2; Mosiah, 3: 4.

§Alma, 10: 22; III Nephi, 22: 9.

Some of the stories are strikingly like the accounts of the supposed same event given in the Bible. For instance, the story of Joseph.* It runs as follows:

Waikelenuiaiku was one of ten brothers who had one sister, all the children of one father, whose name was Waiku. On account of their hatred they carried him and cast him into a pit belonging to Holonaeole. The elder brother had pity on him, and charged Holonaeole to take good care of him. Waikelenuiaiku escaped and fled to a country whose king was named Kamohoalu. There he was thrown into a dark underground pit, in which many persons were confined for various crimes. While here confined he told his companions to dream dreams and tell them to him. The night following, four of the persons had dreams. The first dreamed that he saw a ripe ohia (native apple) and his spirit ate it; the second dreamed he saw a ripe banana, and his spirit ate it; and the third dreamed that he saw a hog, and his spirit ate it; and the fourth dreamed that he saw awa, pressed out the juice, and his spirit drank it. The first three dreams, Waikelenuiaiku interpreted unfavorably and told the dreamers they must prepare to die. The fourth dream pertaining to drink, he interpreted to signify deliverance and life. The first three dreamers were slain according to the interpretation, and the fourth was delivered. Afterwards this last dreamer told the king of the land of the wonderful skill of Waikelenuiaiku as an interpreter of dreams, and the king sent and delivered him from prison and made him a principal chief in his kingdom.

The story of the exodus from Egypt is thus told:

There was a king named Ke-alu-waka-nui who ruled in a land called Honua-i-lalo. He oppressed the Menehune people. Their God Kane sent Kane-apua and Kaneloa, his elder brother, to bring the people away and take them to a land which Kane had given them and which was called Ka-one-lauena-a-Kane. The people were then told to observe the four ku days in the beginning of the month as sacred or holy days, in remembrance of this event, because they then arose (Ku) to depart from that land. Their offerings on that occasion were swine and goats.

The legend further relates that "after leaving the land of Honualalo, the people came to the Kai-ula-a-Kane (the Red Sea of Kane); that they were pursued by the king; that Kane-apua and his brother prayed to Lono and they finally reached the promised land."

It was at one time suggested that these legends which have so striking a likeness to Bible history were derived from the narratives told by the sailors of Captain Cook at the time his expedition discovered the islands. But investigation proved that these traditions antedated the arrival of these men, and the testimony was strong that they had been known to the natives from time immemorable, and had been handed down from father to son for uncounted generations. Then the idea gained credence for a time that they originated with certain Roman Catholic priests who are said to have visited (possibly shipwrecked) Hawaii during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when an active trade was carried on between the Spanish Main and Manila. On this hypothesis one writer Judge Forander, very sensibly remarks "that if the shipwrecked foreigners were educated men, or only possessed of such scriptural knowledge as was then imparted to the commonality of laymen, it is impossible to believe that a Spaniard of the sixteenth century would confine his instructions to some of the leading events of the Old Testament, and be totally silent upon the Christian dispensation, and the cruciolatry, mariolatry and hagiolatry of that day; and it is equally impossible to conceive that the Hawaiian listeners, chiefs, priests and commoners, retained and incorporated so much of the former in their folk-lore, and yet have utterly forgotten every item bearing upon the latter."

* Joseph being recognized by the descendants of Lehi as their great forefather, it is to be expected that the traditions regarding him would be unusually ample, correct and detailed. Their ancestry in Joseph was recorded on the brass plates (see I Nephi 5: 14.)

CURRENT EVENTS

SECRETARY TAFT.

SOME years ago, Secretary Taft was sent as proconsul to the Philippine Islands. He was met at Manila by a number of newspaper men. These men were filled with pity for the great, genial lawgiver; they felt very sorry for him when they heard his hearty laugh "shaking the bilious kinks out of tropical livers." And this is what one of those newspaper men said about the great man:

We ought to ship this splendid fellow back. It's a shame to spoil his illusion that folks the world over aren't just like the folks he knows out in Ohio. He makes me think of pies, hominy, fried chicken, big red apples, Mr. Dooley, frosty mornings, oysters on the half-shell, the oaks and the pines, New England town meetings, the little red schoolhouse, cyclopedias on the installment plan, the square deal, and a home run with the bases full—out here where man wears his shirt outside his breeches to keep cool in midwinter, picks his dinner off a banana tree out of the window, conceals his bolo and his Mauser and his thoughts behind the smile of friendship varnished with Spanish manners, and is in the Four Hundred if he can sign his name with a scroll. Oh, but wasn't the Judge and his laugh good, and won't he be easy for them!

Certainly everyone thought that the giant judge would be easy for the natives. He was great and joyous; but he saw through all the petty plots of the natives; and he soon taught them that as he did not lie to them so they must not lie to him. Profound respect followed commiserating pity. The new proconsul was still the "Joyous Prince Bountiful," but he was also the stern respecter of the law. Here is a little story that illustrates the new feeling toward the judge:

One day an old presidente of an interior village, who had observed the world well when he went to Manila and framed his observations into philosophy on his veranda, drew a straight line in the sand with his walking stick. Then he made many curves—the play of his own people's passions—crossing and recrossing it. Then he spread out his hands to indicate an enormous man. By grimace and tone and gesture he made this man turn to right and left palavering; he made him laugh; he made him thunder; he made him pat a child on the shoulder and box a child's ears; he made him "Boom-boom!" as he called in the army, and "Sh-sh!" as he sent the army to the rear. Then the venerable presidente redrew the straight line in the sand and said "Taft!"

"An honest man!" the old man added. His manner of speaking was not of a manifestation that was true, but of a discovery; of a new thing in the world, a thing which he himself, even in his superior wisdom, could not square with reason. For he half thought that Taft was foolish. But still that straight line of the lawgiver was so dependable beside the bribed partiality of other days and the vacillation of insurrectos that he was practically, if not sentimentally, content with American rule.

Thus did Taft establish himself in the hearts of the Filipinos. Concerning the personal appearance of Secretary Taft, we find the following by Mr. Creelman in *Pearson's* for May:

Sitting at his table in the War Department, Mr. Taft is an impressive and agreeable figure. His mighty bulk goes well with his height, his wide, square shoulders, massive bones and big, strong head.

Beneath the full, splendid white forehead jutting out at the brow there springs a great aquiline nose—a signal of commanding force that is confirmed by the broad, strong jaws and aggressive chin—and on either side shine steady, clear blue eyes.

Mr. Taft's eyes are unusually large and of a singularly beautiful color. The flesh enfolds

them slitwise with odd little creases and wrinkles at the corners, but when the lids lift one gets a strange suggestion of serene power and simplicity in the flax-blue depths, as of the soul of a man looking out of the eyes of a boy.

It is a tremendous body, not merely in weight, but in its evident power, for when the Secretary of War moves across the room the walk of him is not elephantine, but swift, light, certain, and those huge arms can strike a crushing blow. He was the wrestler of his class at Yale, and many a man remembers the terrific lurches of that giant figure in the college rushes. Nor has any man seen Mr. Taft dance without a feeling of astonishment that one so ponderous can move so lightly.

SECRETARY TAFT.

His skin is smooth and delicate in texture, and his dark hair curiously fine, thinned above the forehead and partly bald at the crown.

A large tawny-gray mustache sweeps upward and outward from a good-natured, humorous mouth that can suddenly open wide and utter Gargantuan laughter or as suddenly pale and draw down into a formidable sternness.

Sometimes, when Mr. Taft drops his head forward and sidewise, his facial resemblance to Grover Cleveland is startling; but when he raises his countenance the suggestion vanishes instantly; you see how much finer is the modeling of the nose, how much clearer, larger, deeper, and more wide-set the eyes; how much more suave, polished and genial the personality.

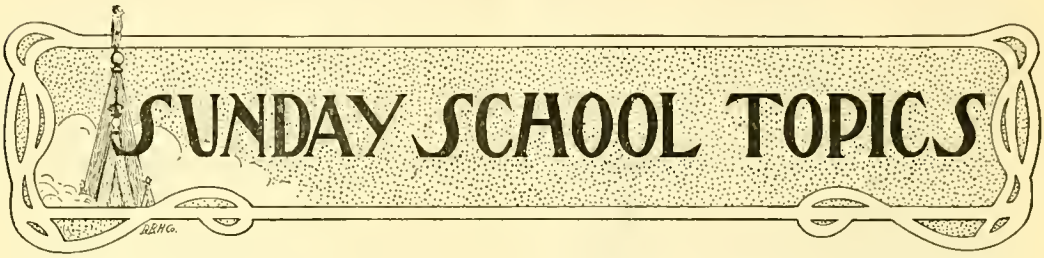
Just now, the personality and the career of William H. Taft are of especial interest to all the world, since he is being boomed as the successor of Theodore Roosevelt as President of the United States. Roosevelt and Taft are boon companions. They are of the same political belief, and they seem to be in perfect accord on most of the important subjects that have arisen during the past few years. Concerning the personal relations existing between these two men, Mr. Creelman says:

Considering the sharpness of their tempers and the inflexibility of their ideals of duty, there is something unusually interesting in the deep, unbroken frindship which prevails in the relations of Mr. Taft and President Roosevelt. They are like unsophisticated school boys when together, each apparently under the spell of a romantic affection, a strong, simple sense of knightly companionship in the great field of moral errantry and patriotic adventure.

They were chums when Mr. Roosevelt was a National Civil Service Commissioner; and in that decisive hour when, as governor of New York, Mr. Roosevelt won the honor of Wall Street's opposition by championing the franchise tax law, it was to Mr. Taft he went for advice

and soul-support. Even when Mr. Roosevelt was Vice-President he wrote an article for *The Outlook* in which he declared that Mr. Taft combined the "qualities which would make a first-class president of the United States with the qualities which would make a first-class chief justice of the United States."

Mr. Taft's candidacy for the presidency of the United States is now assured. At first, the great secretary refused to "run;" then, when it became evident that he was in the race, there was begun a strong and serious fight against him in his own State. Now, that opposition has entirely collapsed. There is no further attack on Taft, the man. But Theodore Roosevelt favors him, and seems, according to some politicians, to be forcing the secretary's candidacy. The fight from now on will undoubtedly be on the principle involved in the question, "Shall President Roosevelt be allowed to name his successor?" And the vote of the people will no doubt decide for the best man, whether he be the President's choice or not.



METHODS OF TEACHING.

VALUABLE HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS TO SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS

THE specific aim of Sunday School teaching is to develop moral tendencies and spiritual power in the young, and lead them to a knowledge of the great Creator; to awaken perfect faith and trust in Him as One whose sympathies never sleep, to whose power there is no limit, who knows our needs, and is ever ready to help us—One to whom we can always have access by prayer.

Have teachers a just conception of their sacred obligations? This privilege of stamping upon immortal souls—the children of God—that which will influence their earthly mission and eternal welfare.

By "training a child in the way he should go," we place true happiness within his reach, and conduce to the happiness of others by preventing interference with their rights.

Some one has said that "simple thoughts of God and virtue, impressed upon us in early childhood, are never erased from memory or heart." The child's affections at this period are pliable, and there are no great difficulties to overcome.

Particularly wishing to cultivate reverence, teachers themselves must set a reverential example. Abstract teaching of morals is good, an honest exemplification is better.

There are comparatively few opportunities in Sunday School for incidental teaching such as the day school teachers enjoy. the realities that make most effective lessons; but lacking these actual experiences, illustrations from the lives of others must be substituted. Begin with familiar conversation upon subjects that fascinate the child, call out warm feelings of sympathy and love, for thought is born of feeling. A teacher's first grand point is to secure the affections of his pupils—heart obedience is infinitely more desirable than compulsory. To secure this, an atmosphere

of loving cheerfulness should surround teacher and pupils.

The zeal and earnestness of the instructor are almost sure to be mirrored in the learners, for humanity is bound to a great extent by the law of imitation. Children do that which they see others do; it is thus they learn to talk, write, etc. The willingness of a preceptor to show the right way from the wrong by example as well as by precept almost compels obedience.

God has given conscience authority to govern man, and principles of eternal justice are recognized by it unless its promptings are stifled by neglect. Teaching a child to do right for the reward of an approving conscience, creates a central force of power to assist him in future right doing.

He should be led as far as possible to discover the truth, and then trained to express it in action. Everyone who has told riddles to children or led in their guessing games, remembers the oft-repeated injunction, "Oh, don't tell. I am getting it." Half the pleasure is destroyed if too strong clues are given. This joyous eagerness to exercise his own mentality warns the teacher not to hinder enthusiasm and growth by too much explanation and help. Perhaps a simple story will illustrate what is meant:

"Arthur's Candy"

"It was a long stick, white with red stripes. One of the summer boarders had given it to Arthur. Nobody had seen him do it, not one of the other little folks, and Arthur ran with it down to his hammock under the trees. 'Good-y!' cried he, in his little heart, 'I can have it all, my own self!'

"There in the shade he sat and nibbled. But the candy did not taste as good as he expected, and he was not nearly so happy as he thought he would be. But as he sat there, afraid some of the boys would come down to the trees, he heard children who were happy. Down the path came two colored children—Rose and little Sam.

"'Open your mouth and shut your eyes,' he heard someone say. The little one shut his eyes, and Rose popped something sweet into his mouth. Then they laughed and went away together filled with gladness. Arthur heard a noise over by the brook, and looking saw three little patched Boggs boys trying to fish. They were taking turns biting an apple and having great fun.

"Yes, everybody was happy except Arthus, who had a whole stick of candy all to himself. What do you think was the matter with Arthur?"

Now, a very young child, if allowed to do so, will discover the miserly instinct that actuated the boy, and spoiled his happiness.

Much depends upon the mental attitude of the pupil, whether conditions favor the reception of ideas and, also, the skill of the trainer in seizing the golden opportunities just right.

Another illustration:

"Tommy had been sick with the measles but was getting better; today he had been promised a change of food. Nice odors of roast beef and plum pudding came wafting up the stairs, and he was preparing for a treat, when the girl came in with a tray on which was buttered brown bread and other plain dishes. The disappointed child was angry, said he would not taste it, and howled for it to be taken away. The girl placed it by his bedside and left the room. Just then Tommy's mama came in. She had been out shopping, and as she took off her gloves and wrap, having seen at a glance her child's look of pouting discontent, and surmising the cause, began talking:

"'Just before coming home, I went into the baker's shop to get bread. When going in, I noticed a boy about your size

looking in the window. I thought he wanted buns and candy. On coming out I saw him still gazing at the window. What do you see that interests you so much?'

" 'Turning a thin, white face towards me, he answered, 'I am looking at the bread—I have had nothing to eat today.'

"Tommy who was all attention and was sitting up in bed, exclaimed, 'Didn't you give him some, mama?'

" 'I did, and he began to eat it at once, so hungrily."

"The tray was drawn nearer to Tommy, who began to eat his bread. After a pause he said, 'Oh, mama, I am so sorry for poor boys who haven't any bread to eat.' "

Without direct reproof, the tact of the mother, by a striking contrast, had allayed discontent and brought a spirit of thankfulness.

Allow me to give another example of true teaching instinct.

A boy returned from school one day with a report that his scholarship was below the usual average.

"Well," said the father, "you have fallen behind this month."

"Yes, sir."

"How did that happen?"

"Don't know, sir."

The father knew, if the son did not. He had observed a number of dime novels scattered about the house, and had been waiting for a fitting time to say something. A basket of apples stood on the floor, and he said, "Empty out those apples and take the basket and bring it to me half full of chips."

Suspecting nothing, the son obeyed. "And now," he continued, "put the apples back into the basket."

When half the apples were replaced, the son said, "Father, they roll off; I can't put in any more."

"Put them in, I tell you."

"But, father, I can't put them in."

"You can't? No, of course you can't put them in. Do you expect to fill it with apples when it is half filled with chips? You said you didn't know why you fell behind at school, and I will tell you. Your mind is like that basket. And here you've been the last month filling it up with chip dirt—dime novels."

The boy gave a low whistle and said, "Whew! I see the point."

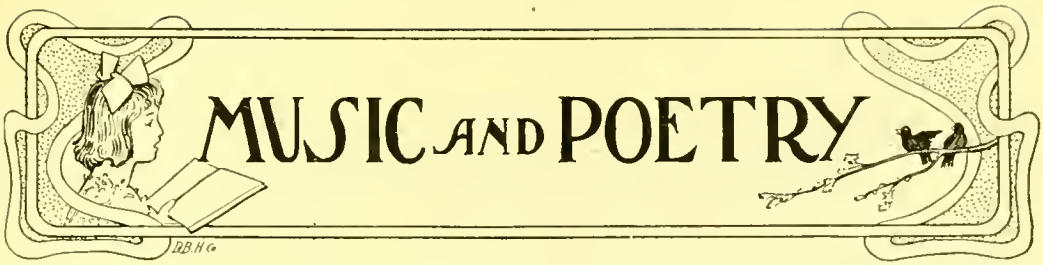
Not a dime novel has been seen in the house from that day to this.

Loving interest should accompany both encouragement and reproof. A man related that in childhood he was taught about God by a loving mother. At her knee, by the bedside, he prayed, and it was her habit to place her hand tenderly upon his head while he repeated her words asking the Lord to help him to be good. Death deprived him at an early age of his mother's care, but often during his youth and young manhood, as he was about to yield to the allurements of sin, he seemed actually to feel that loving hand pressing his head, and overcame evil by her lasting influence for good.

In the case of the sinful woman, after the Savior in His masterly way, dispersed her accusers by bringing a full consciousness of their own guilt and unworthiness—notice how, with surpassing wisdom, when her heart was softened by gratitude and love at His timely interference, He showed His disapproval of her course of life, by that grand lesson given in so few words, "Go, and sin no more."

Our Savior well knew how to clothe ideas, so to speak, with flesh, and breathe into them the breath of life. Witness the beautiful instructive parable of the "Good Samaritan," as an exemplification of the second great commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

Church and Farm.



TO THE WAYSIDE ASTER.

DEARLY I love thee, little wayside-flower!
Each autumn brings again thy fresh, sweet face;
At morn, at noon, or twilight's golden hour,
I see thee nodding with a gentle grace,
So bright and dainty, I could fancy thee
God's stepping-stones for angel's feet to be.

When but a child, at my dear mother's knee,
Full many a time I've seen thee gently pressed
With loving smile and fond caress for me,
My childhood's favorite, to my mother's breast.
What mattered it that thou wert small and wild,
When offered by her loving little child?

And now, though years have passed since her dear face,
I have beheld—long since to dust returned—
As I look on thee, in thy lowly place,
I feel again the glow that in me burned
When she would smile and take thee from my hand,
And kiss me for the offering held so grand.

Dear little aster! lowly, humble flower,
Disdained and trampled by the hurrying throng,
E'er to my mem'ry thou dost have the power
To bring remembrances both sweet and strong;
Nor can I wander far from heavenly grace
While seeing thee recalls my mother's face.

Annie Malin.

THE CHILD'S WORLD.

GREAT, wide, beautiful, wonderful World,
With the wonderful waters around you curled
And the wonderful grass upon your breast,
Oh World, you are beautifully drest!

The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree;
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.

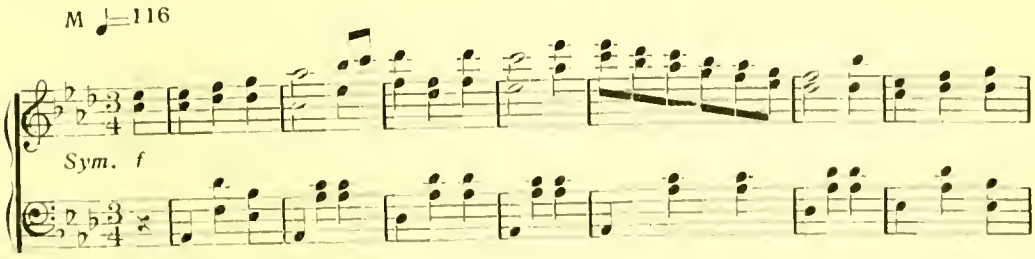
You friendly Earth! how far do you go,
With the wheat-fields that nod and the rivers that flow,
With cities and gardens, and cliffs and isles,
And people upon you for thousands of miles.

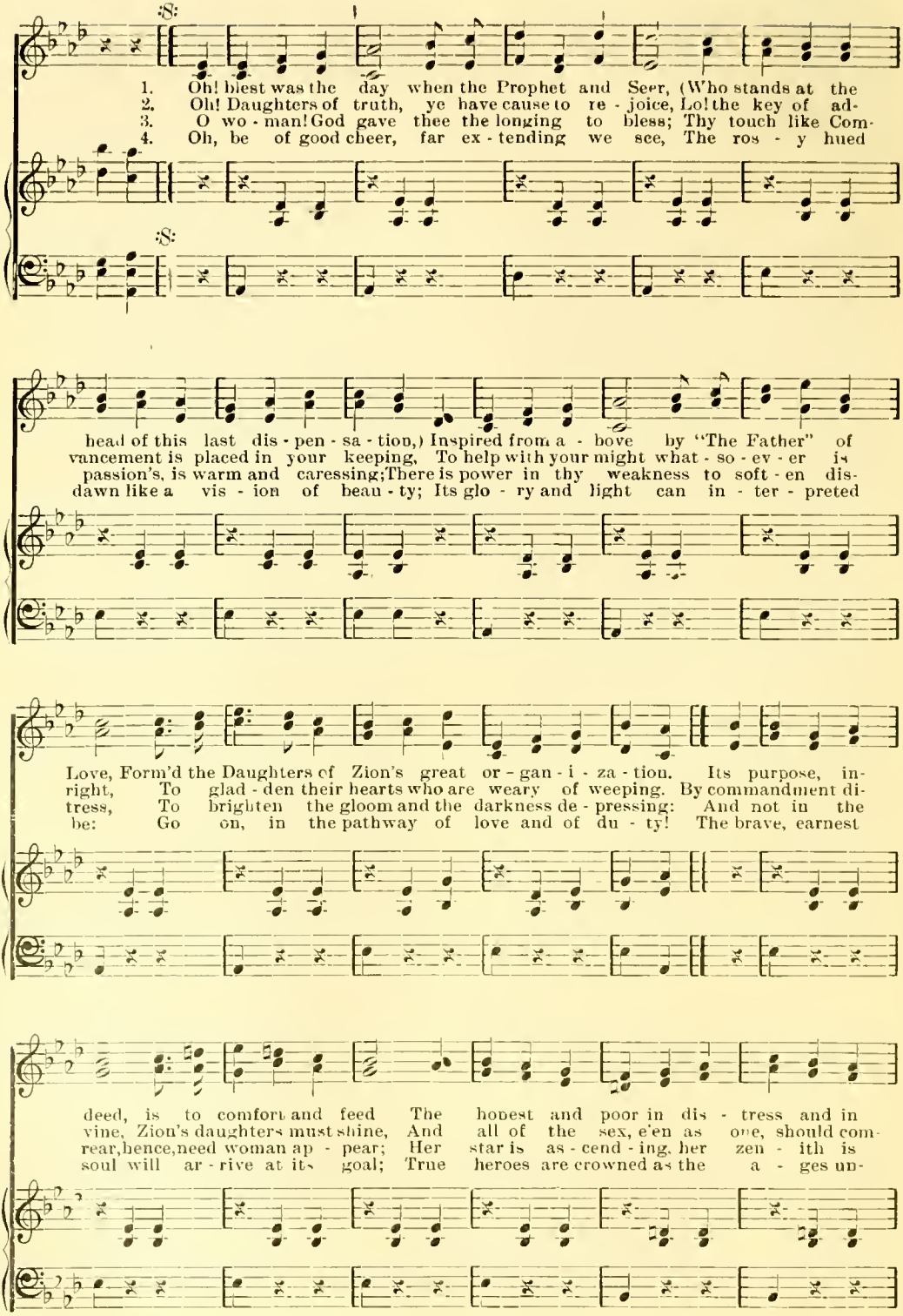
Ah, you are so great, and I am so small,
I tremble to think of you, World, at all;
And yet, when I said my prayer to day,
A whisper within me seemed to say
"You are more than the Earth, though you are such a dot;
You can love and think, and the Earth cannot!"

Selected.

THE DAUGHTERS OF ZION.

Words by Emily H. Woodmansee. **Music by C. J. Thomas.**




1. Oh! blest was the day when the Prophet and Seer, (Who stands at the
2. Oh! Daughters of truth, ye have cause to re - joice, Lo! the key of ad-
3. O wo - man! God gave thee the longing to bless; Thy touch like Com-
4. Oh, be of good cheer, far ex - tending we see, The ros - y hued
head of this last dis - pen - sa - tion,) Inspired from a - bove by "The Father" of
vancement is placed in your keeping, To help with your might what - so - ev - er is
passion's, is warm and caressing; There is power in thy weakness to soft - en dis-
dawn like a vis - ion of beau - ty; Its glo - ry and light can in - ter - preted
Love, Form'd the Daughters of Zion's great or - gan - i - za - tion. Its purpose, in-
right, To glad - den their hearts who are weary of weeping. By commandment di-
tress, To brighten the gloom and the darkness de - pressing: And not in the
be: Go on, in the pathway of love and of du - ty! The brave, earnest
deed, is to comfort and feed The honest and poor in dis - tress and in
vine, Zion's daughters must shine, And all of the sex, e'en as one, should com-
rear, hence, need woman ap - pear; Her star is as - cend - ing, her zen - ith is
soul will ar - rive at its goal; True heroes are crowned as the a - ges un-

need, Oh, the Daughters of Zi - on, the friends of the poor, Should be patterns of
bine; For a oneness of action suc - cess will en - sure, In re - sist - ing the
near; Like an an - gel of mercy, she'll stand in the van, The joy of the
roll; There is blessing in blessing, ad - mit it we must, And there's honor in

Ral. *CHORUS. Tempo 1 mo.*

faith, hope and char - i - ty, pure.
wrongs that 'tis wrong to en - dure. Oh the Daughters of Zi - on, Oh the
world, and the glo - ry of man.
help - ing a cause that is just.

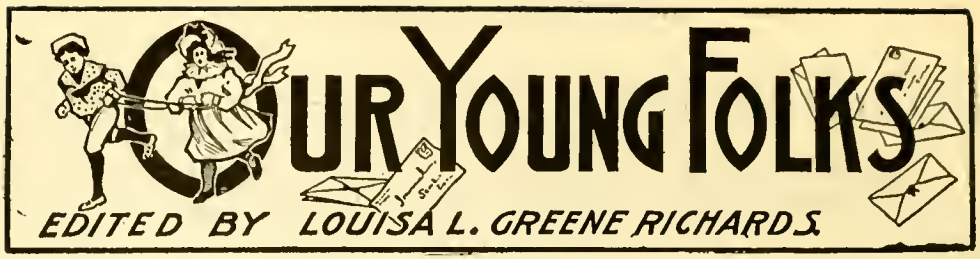
Ral. *Tempo 1 mo.*

Daughters of Zi - on, the friends of the poor, Should be patterns of faith, hope and

D.S.

char - i - ty, pure.

f Syn. *D.S.*



Address: Mrs. L. L. Greene Richards. 160 C Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

TO LEONA.

LEONA, dear, the dawn is growing rosy;
The day is breaking. See! with outstretched hands
She holds a crowning wreath of thorn and posey,
As waiting there upon the height she stands.
Then march along to some sweet, tuneful measure,
And help to scatter good seed on the way,
Where flowers shall bloom to greet the eye with pleasure,
Ere life shall fade, as blossoms soon decay.
For as from one small seed in kindness planted,
A dozen shoots come forth to greet the sight,
From each good deed springs fruit by love enchanted,
Increasing ever in eternal light.

May E. Lillie.

A HERO.

"MOTHER," said a tall young man as he stood in the doorway looking into the tidy kitchen, "will you go to the city this summer? You have not seen grandmother for so long, and I know a change would do you good."

Mrs. Edwards was a widow. She lived in a lone country place near the mouth of a canyon, where a few years before the Indians had been quite hostile, and were not to be trusted yet.

The family had moved to this place a few years previous to the death of Mr. Edwards, and bought a small farm.

Mrs. Edwards' main support now was her eighteen year old son, Jasper, who was a good farmer and an obedient boy. She also had a sixteen year old girl, Alice, who was a great help to her, and six other children.

Mrs. Edwards had not been away from home since they moved there, three years before, except to the nearest town which was twelve miles away, and a change would be a nice thing, as you can see.

"Well, I hardly know," said Mrs. Edwards. "I would really like to go, and I know I would enjoy myself, but I don't want to leave my children to get killed by the Indians for all the pleasure I could get anywhere."

"O mother! we will be all right," said Jasper. "Alice and I will take care of the children, and I know the Lord will take care of us all, if we are good."

And Jasper and Alice coaxed their mother until they got her to consent to go, not because they wanted to be alone, but because they wanted her to go and have a good time, and they knew she would if she went to visit their grandma.

So the next morning, bright and early, one of her younger sons, drove Mrs. Edwards to the depot, six miles away, and when she had got there, and he was going back home, he was glad that his mother had gone for a visit, but it did seem lonely to go home and find mother not there.

All went well for a while, when one morning, just as the morning's work was done, Jasper noticed something coming down the canyon at full speed, straight for the house.

At first he could not make out what it was, but as it came nearer he could see it was a band of Indians.

He ran in the house and told the children not to be frightened, and for them to stay out of sight, and the Lord would take

care of them. Then he ran out of doors just as the Indians rode up.

They told Jasper to get them some bread or else they would kill him. He went in the house to get some, but there was none baked. The Indians would not believe him when he told them, but got angry and shot at Jasper with their bows and arrows, (they had no guns,) and when they were about to hit him, he prayed in his heart, and then he called out in a brave voice: "Come on boys! we have got some one in a trap here sure that they will not get out of so very easily, if they don't strike out. Come on and we will have their Indian scalps to hang in our belts in less than no time, if we try."

At this the children went stamping about the house, for Jasper had told them to when he should call out, when he was in the house before.

The Indians thought there were some men coming, sure, for it really did sound like it, and the house was a big two story one, with room enough for quite a band of men.

So when the Indians heard this, they turned and galloped away, but not without shooting a half dozen arrows at Jasper, one of which lodged in his arm. He pulled it out, called his sister Alice, and then swooned with pain and fright.

But he soon came to, for it was only a small wound, and although the arrow had been slightly poisoned, it soon got well, and so he could take care of things again, and when his mother came home it was just as Jasper and Alice had said, they were all safe and well.

Their grandmother had sent them each a nice present, with which they were all very much pleased. And when she heard of what Jasper had done, she sent him a watch with the picture of a boy and some Indians on it and under the picture was printed in gold letters "A Hero."

After awhile Jasper moved the family to another part of the country where the Indians were not on the warpath, and bought them a good home. And he grew up to be a good man, and took care of his mother and the children, for he was such an honest boy, and such a good one too, and a hard worker, that he got to be quite well off.

When Mrs. Edwards told the people how Jasper, by his bravery and quick wit, saved the lives of his brothers and sisters, everyone called him "A Hero," and the mother was indeed proud and grateful for her son.

NANCY M. SMITH,
Aged 12 years.

HADEN, FREMONT CO., IDAHO.

STORY OF A VERY SAD AND FATAL ACCIDENT.

OASIS, UTAH, June 3, 1907.

Dear Editor:

LAST week we had a very sad accident which took away one of our little Sunday School girls, Lillian Johnson. This is the way it happened: My brother Ward, who is nearly 13 years old, wanted to haul a load of rock for the Relief Society. It being the day before Decoration day, Laura Johnson and myself wanted to go and gather some wild flowers. After we got started, Lillian (Laura's sister) came running and caught us. We tried to persuade her not to go, because only three could sit in the seat, but she was determined to get a few flowers to put on her little brother's grave. We went out happy and gay, and got all our flowers gathered while brother loaded the rock. We had only gone a few miles on our way back, when Lillian, who was sitting on the front of the wagon, fell out, and the front wheel ran across her shoulders, she moved out of the way of the other wheel, and sank on the ground as though she was dead. Laura sprang from the wagon and picked her up and cried. "Oh God, save my sister!" We threw some

water in her face and in a few minutes she revived and asked us to pray for her, which we did. And we know the Lord heard our prayers, because she rested quietly nearly all the way home. We also prayed that someone would come and meet us, and how glad our hearts were when mama came in a buggy and took Lillian on ahead. She was conscious till the last. She said, "Don't cry, sister, I'll be better." And she put her arms around her papa's neck and said, "Papa, I do love you." She talked to her mama, smiled at the baby and died soon after reaching home. She was eight years old and would have been baptized on Saturday with five other little girls, had she lived. These little girls were all dressed in white at her funeral, and carried flowers.

Mama wrote these lines which one of the little girls recited:

Dear Lillian, we, your playmates,
Are so sorry you are gone!
But we hope that you are happy,
In your new and heavenly home.

We can't tell you how we'll miss you,
When tomorrow one by one,
We shall be immersed in water,
As was Christ the blessed Son.

We will go to see your mama,
Though we cannot fill your place;
But we'll try to grow like "Lilly,"
Full of love and gentle grace.

We can't see why God should take you,
And make us so sad today;
But we know the choicest flowers
Oft are gathered by the way.

We will try to be good children,
So to meet you when we go;
And we'll love you up in heaven,
As we've loved you here below.

We arranged the wild flowers that Lillian gathered on pasteboard, to spell her name, and placed the card on her little brother's grave. Mama is going to make some white flowers out of the pieces that were left from Lillian's burial clothes for her mother.

BLY MOODY, age 10 years.

LADY BUTTON-EYES.

A LULLABY.

WHEN the busy day is done,
And my weary little one
Rocketh gently to and fro;
When the night winds softly blow,
And the crickets in the glen
Chirp and chirp and chirp again;
When upon the haunted green
Fairies dance around their queen—
Then from yonder misty skies
Cometh Lady Button-Eyes.

Dearest, feel upon your brow
That caressing magic now,
For the crickets in the glen
Chirp and chirp and chirp again;
While upon the haunted green
Fairies dance around their queen,
And the moonbeams hover o'er
Playthings sleeping on the floor—
Hush, my sweet! from youder skies
Cometh Lady Button-Eyes!

Eugene Field.

SHE DIDN'T WANT HER FACE WASHED.

THIS is a story about a little girl who didn't want her face washed.

"What did I hear you crying about, just now, Winnie?" asked Aunt Jane, looking up from her book.

Winnie put her finger in her mouth and looked ready to cry again.

"Come, come, now, don't look frightened," said auntie, soothingly; "sit on my lap and tell me all about it."

Winnie obeyed and whispered:

"I didn't want my face washed."

"Oh, but you know," said auntie, "that's very naughty, because little girls must be kept neat and tidy. Do you know that many, many animals and insects keep themselves beautifully neat and clean?"

Winnie opened her eyes very wide at this.

"Do they?" she asked.

"Indeed, yes. Just watch Pussy as she sits in front of the fire; see how carefully she combs her fur with her sharp claws, and brushes it down into place with her rough tongue. If her coat gets rumpled or dirty—ever so little—she will spend a long time making it neat and smart again.

"Next time you visit some Zoo and go to the monkey house look at the cages all around the walls and in them you will very likely see curious little creatures called lemurs. If you notice them carefully you will see that their middle fingers are very long. They use these as combs, and with them keep their coats spick and span. Then there is an animal called the flying lemur, which has perhaps the best comb of all, and that is its lower front tooth. It is quite a large tooth, and the edge of it is just like the comb that you see."

"Oh, how funny!" exclaimed Winnie.

"And just look how birds smooth their feathers down with their beaks. My, if they were to let them grow just anyhow, they would look frightfully ragged and untidy.

"Notice the flies, too, how carefully they brush their heads with their forelegs, and their wings with their hindlegs, while bees have a kind of comb on each front leg with which they clean the delicate feelers on their heads.

"You know what an ant is like, of course. Well, some ants not only have combs on their legs, like the bees, but brushes as well. You see, animals carry their brushes and combs about with them, and so they never get lost."

"I lose track of mine sometimes," said Winnie.

"And do you know that when animals are quite young, too little to look after themselves, their mothers wash them and make them tidy, just as little boys' and girls' mothers do."

"And they never cry?"

"No."

"Then I'll never again be naughty about being washed and combed and dressed," promised Winnie, "for I'm not going to let the little flies and things stand ahead of me."

Selected.

THE LETTER-BOX.

Blest in Keeping the Word of Wisdom.

LOCUST, IDAHO.

I am always glad when the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR comes, for I enjoy reading the letters from my dear little friends. We have just got a new meetinghouse built. My papa is Bishop, and my mama is president of the Primary here. I went to Conference a year ago last fall. I enjoyed the trip very much, and think Salt Lake is a beautiful place. We all keep the Word of Wisdom and the Lord blesses us with good health. I am nine years old.

LEONA PICKETT.

A Funny Hen.

HADEN, IDAHO, May 3, 1907.

My little sister Esta and myself have a nice play-house. We have our playthings in it, among them being our big rag doll and her cradle. Her name is Baby May. The other day Baby May was in her bed, and one of mother's hens got in with her and laid an egg in her lap. We think she is a funny hen.

MARY A. SMITH, 7 years old.

"HOE YOUR OWN ROW"

A good many workers
  I've known in my time—
Some builders of houses,
  Some builders of rhyme;
And they that were prospered,
  Were prospered, I know,
By the intent and meaning of
  "Hoe your own row."

LAUGH, AND THE WORLD LAUGHS WITH YOU.

Two is Company.

URCHIN: I bet if I wasn't here the gentleman would kiss you.

Girl: You insolent boy! Go away this very minute. *Le Sourire.*

Current Cookery.

WAITER: Yes, sir; we're very hup to date 'ere. We cook heverything by helectricity.

Customer: Oh do you? Then just give this steak another shock. *Punch.*

Meeting the Specification.

"What have you got in the shape of cucumbers this morning?" asked the customer of the new grocery clerk.

"Nothing but bananas, ma'am."

Everybody's Magazine.

Financially Weak.

TRAMP (piteously): "Please help a cripple, sir."

Kind Old Gent (handing him some money): "Bless me; why, of course. How are you crippled, my poor fellow?"

Tramp (pocketing the money): "Financially crippled, sir." *Illustrated Bits.*

A Glimpse of the Invisible.

"BOBBIE," demanded Bobbie's mother, reproachfully, "why in the world didn't you give this letter to the postman, as I told you to?"

"Because," replied the youth, with dignity, "I didn't see him until he was entirely out of sight."—*Harper's Magazine.*

Afraid it would Slip.

SENATOR TILLMAN piloted a constituent around the Capitol building for a while and then, having work to do on the floor, conducted him to the Senate gallery.

After an hour or so the visitor approached a gallery doorkeeper and said: "My name is Swate. I am a friend of Senator Tillman's. He brought me here, and I want to go out and look around a bit. I thought I would tell you so I can get back in."

"That's all right," said the doorkeeper, "but I may not be here when you return. In order to prevent any mistake, I will give you the password so you can get your seat again.

Swate's eyes rather popped out at this. "What's the word?" he asked.

"Idiosyncrasy."

"What?"

"Idiosyncrasy."

"I guess I'll stay in," said Swate

American Spectator.

Here is the story of a Scotchman who was blessed with a readier wit than his countrymen are usually credited with:

His minister took him to task one day because he never came to church, golfing instead all summer and curling all winter long.

"Man, man," the minister ended, "if ye dinna mend ye'll land yersel' where ye'll no' be troubled wi' sermons, lang or short."

The Scot grunted.

"Weel, aiblins so," he said, "but no' for the want o' meenisters."

Not Wasting Time.

TEACHER: Johnny, I don't believe you've studied your geography.

Johnny: No, mum, I heard pa say the map of the world was changin' every day, an' I thought I'd wait a few years till things got settled. *Milwaukee Sentinel.*

We suspect it was this same boy who, when he went to college exclaimed: "What's the use of wasting time over history? History repeats itself." *The Circle.*

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